



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

of Hades and gods of the lower world alone; and we should like to hear what were the reasons for the victory of Christianity. On this last point Dieterich does not touch. But after all it would be ungracious to raise such questions, considering the conditions under which this article was printed. It is a more just and agreeable thing to express appreciation of the historical grasp and insight which the paper displays. They were indeed fortunate who heard the lectures and could enjoy Dieterich's persuasive enthusiasm.

The volume has as frontispiece an excellent portrait of Dieterich in his library, and as introduction Wünsch has reprinted with slight changes his biographical notice which first appeared in the *Jahresbericht* for 1910.

CLIFFORD H. MOORE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

RECENT LOEB LIBRARY VOLUMES

Cicero, Letters to Atticus. With an English Translation by E. O. WINSTEDT, M.A., in three volumes. Vols. I and II. Pp. ix+496 and xi+439.

Catullus, Tibullus, and Pervigilium Veneris. With Translations by FRANCIS WARRE CORNISH, M.A., J. P. POSTGATE and J. W. MACKAIL. Pp. xi+376.

The Greek Bucolic Poets. With an English Translation by J. M. EDMONDS. Pp. xxviii+527. New York: Macmillan, 1912-13.

Mr. Winstedt's translation presents the correspondence of Cicero up to September, 47, when the orator is at Brundisium, awaiting his fate at Caesar's hands. Nothing could be more clear, straightforward, and easy than the English of this rendering; it may be read almost without consciousness of the fact that it is translation. If there is ground at all for dissatisfaction, it is that the fulness of Ciceronian thought and the sweep of the Ciceronian phrase have been somewhat sacrificed to the ideal of English style—the latter, of course, inevitably—and that Mr. Winstedt's rendering lacks the variety of Cicero. The following passage will illustrate the character of his translation:

O suaves epistulas tuas uno tempore mihi datas duas! Quibus εναγγέλια quae reddam, nescio; deberi quidem plane fateor. Sed vide συγκέρημα. Emerseram commodum ex Antiati in Appiam ad Tris Tabernas ipsis Cerealis, cum in me incurrit Roma veniens Curio meus. Ibidem illico puer abs te cum epistulis. Ille ex me, nihilne audissem novi. Ego negare. "Publius," inquit, "tribunatum pl. petit." "Quid ais?"—

Fancy two such delightful letters of yours being delivered at one and the same time! I don't know how to pay you back for your good news, though I candidly

confess my debt. Here's a coincidence. I had just taken the turn off the road to Antium on to the Appian Way at the Three Taverns on the very day of the Cerealia, when my friend Curio met me, fresh from Rome: and at the very same moment your man with a letter. Curio inquired whether I hadn't heard the news. "No," said I. "Publius is standing for the tribuneship," says he. "You don't say so!"

Mr. Cornish deserves the sympathy of all men, as well as the thanks of those who may have wanted to see Catullus in unmetered English. No more difficult service could possibly be assigned a translator. Most of the poems which have given Catullus his fame are almost, if not quite, trivial when dissolved into prose; and the case is all the worse because a content of that character hardly warrants rhythmical prose. The accuracy of interpretation and precision of rendering which are Mr. Cornish's virtues are employed on poems like these little to either their or his own advantage. In the poems whose excellence depends less upon form, one feels, in the otherwise faultless rendering, a slight lack of poetic flavor, and would like a little more rhythm in the language:

Nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praeter eunte postquam
tactus aratrost.—

And let her not look to find my love, as before; my love, which by her fault has dropped, like a flower on the meadow's edge, when it has been touched by the plough passing by.

Mr. Postgate is more fortunate in his author. In Tibullus there is uniformity in both matter and form, and the entire content admits of rhythmical English and poetic color. Mr. Postgate's English is a delight. It exemplifies in high degree the virtues of the British ideal of style; it is full of nerve and sinew, firm, and trained down—to use an athletic phrase. If it has any fault, it is that of too much training down. In the effort to avoid too much suppleness and grace, it approaches hardness and rigidity. In the translation of Tibullus, as in Mr. Winstedt's Cicero, rhythm and fulness are sometimes sacrificed to brevity and conciseness. Is "a small skiff plied across the shallows "enough for

ire solebat
exiguus pulsa per vada linter aqua?

and does the character of content and sound in

nunc levis est tractanda venus, dum frangere postes
non pudet et rixas inseruisse iuvat

justify, in the midst of a smooth-flowing passage, so harsh and prosaic a sentence as "Now let gay love be my pursuit when it is no shame to break a door down or to plunge into a brawl"?

But these things are at most slight cause for dissatisfaction. Mr. Postgate's rendering of this most charming singer of a charming land is seen to advantage in the following:

Agricola adsiduo primum satiatus aratro
cantavit certo rustica verba pede,
et satur arenti primum est modulatus avena
carmen, ut ornatos diceret ante deos;
agricola et minio suffusus, Bacche, rubenti
primus inexperta duxit ab arte choros.—

Then first the countryman, sated with ploughing without cease, sang rustic words in time and tune; and, full of meat, first composed a song on the dry oat-pipes to chaunt before the gods that his hands had dressed. And, Bacchus, it was a countryman that first dyed his skin with red vermillion and wound through the dance with unpractised art.

The *Pervigilium Veneris* masquerades in Mr. Mackail's translation as *The Eve of St. Venus*. The title is a success in so far as its romanticism accords with the romantic quality of the poem; but there is confusion in its suggestion of Christianity. The untranslatable first line, too, is still untranslated, in spite of Mr. Mackail's valiant effort. *Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras amet* is perfectly clear, and "To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love" is full of ambiguities. Too bad; for it reproduces admirably the Latin order and the Latin vowel and consonantal repetition, if not the Latin rhythm and sonorousness. For the rest, the translation brings out beautifully the wealth of warm color and sparkling light and rustling verdure and musical notes and human passion that make the poem almost a riot of the imagination:

Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum
implicat casas virentes de flagello myrteo:
cras canoris feriatos ducit in silvis choros;
cras Dione iura dicit fulta sublimi throno.
cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.—

To-morrow the marriage-maker of the loves amid shadows of trees weaves her verdurous bowers of myrtle-spray; to-morrow she leads her bands on festival in the singing forests: to-morrow Dione declares her laws high enthroned aloft.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

The translation has the same elusive character as the original; the reader hardly understands, and really doesn't care to understand, perfectly. The *Pervigilium* is like one of those songs or poems we know and use all our lives without really understanding all they mean, content with the charm of rhythm and the stirrings of the spirit which are all the more effective because never quite defined.

Mr. Edmonds, in his translation of the Greek bucolic poets, may be said to have been very successful in his aim: "to translate not so much the words

as their meaning, to observe not merely the obvious English idioms of syntax, but the more evasive but equally important ones of stress, word-order, and balance, and to create an atmosphere of association in some sense akin to the atmosphere of the original." The songs of the shepherd he throws into English ballad-meter, and for the main body of the poem uses archaic prose. If the archaisms are rather frequent and sometimes too unfamiliar, and the ballad-meter sometimes a trifle heavy and strained, and this impression somewhat deepened by the unavoidable heavy page, it is not to say that we have not here a charming Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus:

Now for that cup a ferryman of Calymnus had a goat and a gallant great cheese-loaf of me, and never yet hath it touched my lip; it still lies unhanselled by. Yet right welcome to it art thou, if like a good fellow thou'l sing me that pleasing and delightful song. Nay, not so; I am in right earnest. To't, good friend; sure thou wilt not be hoarding that song against thou be'st come where all's forgot?

THYRSIS (*sings*)

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

'Tis Thyrsis sings, of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined? ye Nymphs, O where were ye?
Was it Peneius' pretty vale, or Pindus' glens? 'twas never
Anápus' flood nor Etna's pike nor Acis' holy river.

We feel like saying a word in appreciation of the translator's work. Not that the translators of these volumes need an apologist, for their work has been beautifully done; but because the reader will enjoy both original and translation more if he has due comprehension of the difficulties of the translator's task. The average mind probably conceives of translation as more or less mechanical, or, at least, immeasurably below creation. As a matter of fact, translation is a fine art, and requires no mean degree of inspiration.

What is a good translation? Not a difficult question to answer; nearly everyone will agree that there are two factors—one, good English; the other, faithful rendering.

And perhaps there will be as little difficulty in agreeing that good English means intelligible, grammatical, appropriate language which displays no offensive structural mark of its origin, and which, whether in dialect, pure idiom, or in archaic or poetic idiom, would easily be understood without reference to the words which it translates.

But what is meant by faithful rendering? The innocent term covers a multitude of requirements. We want, first, all the thought of all the original—all its intellectual content to the slightest shade of meaning. We want more; we want all the emotional content—humor, the passions, intensity. We want not only content, but form. We want verse translation of verse, or, at least, rhythmical prose. We want in translation

as much as possible of the style of the prose original. Whether it has the swing and rhythm of Cicero, or the studied abruptness of Tacitus, or the kaleidoscopic variety of Apuleius, we want some suggestion of these qualities in the translation. If possible, we want the thought of the original in the order of its thinking by the ancient author, and that means more or less in the order of his words. We want as many as possible of his figures, of form as well as of content—not only simile and metaphor, but alliteration, assonance, contrasts, balances.

And the attempt to meet these requirements of the ideal, no one who has ever made it needs to be told, is bound to lead to countless contradictions, and to end in despairing choice between evils. The better the reader of the Loeb Classics appreciates this, the more he will enjoy them; for he will be the more conscious that he has before him two works of art instead of one, and will enjoy, not only the inspiration of the original, but the inspiration of the translation. Shall we translate *all* of the intellectual content of Cicero? If we do, the subtle differences between those pairs of words with only apparently identical meaning, so frequent in Cicero, will bring a deluge of words that will overwhelm the modern stylistic ideal. Shall we try to imitate his rhythm? With the aim ever so little in mind, we shall soon be sacrificing English to rhythm. Shall we employ the ancient meters? We have agreed not to. Shall we use verse at all? The Loeb editors have concluded that it is better not to attempt it. Even good metrical translation must often slight or alter the content of the original. If we use rhythmical prose, that, too, has its difficulties, and they are hardly less than those of verse. There is the difficulty of avoiding actual verse in the midst of the prose. There is the difficulty of being rhythmic throughout. The sense requires a certain word, and no other, and the word is as ugly and cacophonous as these words that describe it; choose another word, you injure the sense; choose a longer expression, and the original's conciseness is gone. There is no way out; you must sacrifice either sense or sound, and be happy if it is not both. There is the difficulty of being rhythmical in a way the reader will understand; for there are no rules for prose rhythm, and the reader's ear may be different from yours, or he may have no sense at all of rhythm in prose, and then your virtue will be vice to him. And again, shall we follow as much as possible the Latin order, sometimes even at the expense of natural English? Shall we translate *rura cano rurisque deos*, with Mr. Postgate, "I sing the country and the country's gods," or "the country I sing, and the country's gods"? In *dites despiciam despiciamque famem* shall we try to translate alliteration and assonance and chiasmus, or render it simply, with Mr. Postgate, "I will look down on hunger as I look down on wealth"? And yet not so simply. Let anyone who is not satisfied with this rendering attempt to better it. And how far shall we allow ourselves to depart from the letter in the attempt to translate the spirit? Shall we say, with Mr. Edmonds, "don't holloa till you are out of the wood," when the original

has "do not boast till you see your enemy dead"? And if we do, shall we burden the page with a footnote in explanation of our daring? Shall we render Catullus xxvi, with Mr. Cornish:

Furius, my little farm stands exposed not to the blasts of Auster nor Favonius nor fierce Boreas or Apheliotes, but to a call of fifteen thousand two hundred sesterces. A wind that brings horror and pestilence!

or allow ourselves at least a measure of William Ellery Leonard's freedom?

Your country house is not exposed
To any blustering gale—
But, since your mortgagees foreclosed,
It's now exposed for sale:
And *this* exposure, none can doubt,
Is likely, friend, to freeze you out.

And finally there is the difficulty—for the American —of avoiding words and phrases whose meaning and flavor in England are not the same as in his own land.

Such are a few of the difficulties in which the translator finds himself entangled. His work is a continual series of oscillations between offense against his own tongue and disloyalty to the ancient. He can fix upon no policy, except in a very general way; the individual difficulty has to be settled by itself when he meets it, and settled differently under different circumstances. There is really only one detail of policy which he can make constant, and that is to let taste be the arbiter of rival claims. If he has that priceless quality, he is comparatively safe, at least before an audience that shares its possession. If not—

In vitium dicit culpae fuga, si caret arte.

GRANT SHOWERMAN

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN